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POETRY.

Where are They.

BY E. B. HALE.

Where are they with whom I started
Travelling o'er life's joyful way;
Years have vanished since we parted,
I am here, but where are they?
O the hours that blissful were,
O the friends that once caressed us—
Bosom friends that fondly pressed us—
Where are they?

As the early crystal dawning,
Heralds in a glorious day,
So was life's enraptured morning,
Bright with hope's delusive ray;
Scenes of Heaven's brightness seeming—
Scenes with faded lustre gleaming,
Lit with smiles of beauty beaming—
Where are they?

As the stars in clustering bands,
Sweetly smiling, smoothly roll,
So with clasped hands and hands,
Full of bliss we sought the goal;
Pleasures radiant as day's sun,
Hope on gilded pinions bore us,
Love in angel guise, before us,
Woe'd the soul.

As the streamlet dancing by,
Joyful ever—ever sings;
As the crystal'd evening sky,
Gems of beauty ever brings;
So the years in bright appearing,
Ever glowing—ever cheering,
Wrapped our souls in love endearing,
Like the Spring.

They have gone whose hearts were lightest,
They to whom I fondly cling;
They whose buoyant hopes were brightest,
They whose sweetest smiles and sung;
Fairy forms in grace array'd,
Cheeks, where blushing beauty played,
Eyes, where love's conquests made,
Hearts among.

Why, ah! why, this mournful feeling,
Why should tears embittering flow?
Years in silent softness stealing,
Meet where flowers of glory grow?
There, I'll meet the buoyant hearted,
Those with whom in life I started—
Those, from whom I weeping parted,
Long ago.

Miscellaneous.

THE DISGUISED HEIRESS.

Miss Vernon sat thoughtfully at her window plunged in deep thought. This need not be wondered at, for the question upon which she was pondering affected her deeply.

She was an heiress, having come into possession at her majority, of fifty thousand dollars. She was prepossessing in her appearance, and this, as was natural, added to the report of her wealth, which, as usual, was considerably exaggerated, brought her suitors in plenty. Among them she made choice of William Windsor, and in a few weeks they were to be married.

William was engaged in the wholesale clothing business, and had the reputation of being a sharp active man of business. He was of good appearance, and as far as could be judged, was a good match even for the heiress. Nothing to his prejudice had come to her ears until the day before. A poor woman had come to the door in evident poverty, and asked for relief. On being questioned, she said she had been employed making shirts at twelve cents apiece for wholesale dealers—that after making a dozen, and carrying them to the store, she had been roughly told that they were spoiled and nothing would be paid her for her work, but she might have some more if she would agree to make them better. She added that this was one of the small ways in which the firm made money out of poor work women, by pretending that the work was unsatisfactory, when really no fault could be reasonably found with it.

The sum, small as it was, of which she had been defrauded, was all-important to her, as it represented nearly a week's work.

"Only a dollar and forty-four cents for a week's work!" exclaimed Miss Vernon, in dismay.

"That's all," said the poor woman. "How, then, do you live?" "It can hardly be called living. It's just barely keeping body and soul together," said the woman.

"And who is this extortioner that first offers you starvation wages, and then defrauds you of even them?" asked Miss Vernon indignantly.

"William Windsor."

"Who?" demanded Miss Vernon quickly.

"William Windsor."

"I can hardly believe this. I know the gentleman."

"It is true, and if you will investigate the matter, you will find it to be so."

"I will investigate the matter. Here is five dollars for your present needs. Come here to-morrow at this time, and I may have some work for you to do."

The poor woman departed invoking blessings on the heiress.

"I will look into this," said Margaret Vernon, resolutely, "and if it proves true, the engagement between William Windsor and myself shall be broken. I will not give myself to such a man."

"Nancy," said Miss Vernon, the next morning to her chambermaid, "have you an old dress and shabby cloak and bonnet that you can lend me?"

"I have got some that are so poor that I am not going to wear them again," said Nancy, surprised at such an enquiry.

"Will you lend them to me?"

"Of course, Miss; but what would the likes of you want of such old clothes?"

"A little fun, that is all," said Miss Vernon. "I am going to disguise myself, and see if I can't deceive somebody."

With this explanation Nancy was content and produced the clothes. Miss Vernon put them on, and in addition borrowed from another of the servants, a thick green veil, somewhat the worse for wear, and then set out on her mission. No one in her disguise would have recognized the usually elegantly dressed heiress, Miss Margaret Vernon.

Miss Vernon slipped out of the basement door, and took her way to a large store, on which was inscribed the name of William Windsor in large gilt letters.

She entered, and after a while a clerk spoke to her in a rough voice:

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want to get some work," she said in a low voice.

"We can give you some shirts."

"Anything?"

"Can you sew well?"

"I think so."

"At any rate we will try you."

A half a dozen shirts were given to Miss Vernon, and she was informed that if satisfactorily done, she would be paid twelve cents apiece. These she carried home, slipping in at the back door.

Two hours later the poor woman was called.

"Here are some shirts for you to make," said Miss Vernon.

"Why," said the woman, in surprise, "they are the same as I have been making."

"That is true, and they came from the same place."

"Am I to bring them back there?"

"No, you will bring them here. I will pay for the work when done, double the price you have been receiving."

"Thank you, miss, you are very kind."

"Sew them as neatly as possible. I wish to see whether they will be rejected as poor work."

"Yes, Miss Vernon, I will take pains with them."

Three days later the woman returned with the work completed. Miss Vernon paid her for them, and requested her to call again the next day.

"What have you got there," demanded a pert young clerk.

"Some work, sir," said Miss Vernon humbly.

"Well, why don't you open the bundle?" said the young man, picking his teeth with his knife.

Miss Vernon did so.

"The young man seemed to tumble over the shirts, glancing at them carelessly.

"Shocking! shocking!" he said.

"What's the matter, sir?"

"They're wretchedly sewed, that's what it is. How do you expect we are going to sell such shirts as these?"

"I am sure I thought they were well done," said Miss Vernon.

"You thought, did you?" repeated the clerk, mocking her. "Well, I think differently, and that's all about it. We shan't pay you for these shirts. They will have to be sold at a loss."

"But what shall I do?" asked Miss Vernon, in seeming distress.

"That's your business, not mine. We will try you once more, and give you another half dozen shirts. If they are done better, you will be paid for them."

"These are done well," said Miss Vernon, snatching the bundle from the counter, "and I will show them to your employer."

To the indignation of the clerk, who was not used to such independence in the poor women who worked for the establishment,

Miss Vernon took the shirts to another part of the counter where she saw William Windsor himself.

"Mr. Windsor," she said, "your clerk will not pay me for these shirts. He says they are not well done."

"Mr. Windsor took up one and pretended to examine it."

"No, it is poorly done. We can't pay you for these, but you may have another bundle, and if they are satisfactory, you will then be paid."

"Didn't I tell you so," said the clerk, triumphantly. "Now, young woman, how much did you make by that operation?"

"More than you think, perhaps," said Miss Vernon, quietly.

"Do you want any more work?"

"No, I don't wish any," she said.

"Oh! you are on your high horse are you? Well, you may be glad to get work some day when you can't have it."

That evening was the one which William Windsor usually spent with his betrothed. When he was introduced, he went forward, warmly as usual, to greet Miss Vernon.

She drew back coldly and did not offer her hand to grasp his.

"What is the matter, Margaret?" he asked surprised and startled. "What have I done to entitle me to such a reception?"

"My hand has taken yours for the last time, Mr. Windsor," said Margaret.

"Good Heaven! what is the meaning of all this?" Margaret explained herself. "I cannot understand it."

"I cannot take the hand of one who grows rich by defrauding poor women out of their scanty earnings."

"Who says this of me? Some one has been slandering me. Confront me with my accuser. There is some mistake here."

"I will do as you desire. Wait five minutes."

Miss Vernon left the room, and soon entered in her disguise.

The young man strode up to her angrily.

"Are you the one that has slandered me to Miss Vernon?" he demanded.

"I told her the truth!"

The young man reflected. Violent contradiction he saw would not avail him; he would try another course.

"Hark, you, young woman," he said in a low voice, "there is a mistake. I will make it up to you richly. I will give you ten dollars on the spot, and all the work you want at double rates, if you will tell Miss Vernon it was all a mistake."

"Too late, Mr. Windsor," said the veiled figure, throwing up her veil and showing the contemptuous face of Margaret Vernon. "Your bribe is offered in vain. Good evening, sir."

Confused and astonished, William Windsor found his way to the door, and has never ventured to enter the house of the heiress since. He was paid for his meanness in his own coin.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

THEIR EXAMINATION SURGICALLY AT EDINBURGH.

From the London Star.

Sir James Simpson, the Professor of Medicine and Midwifery in the University of Edinburgh, has examined very minutely, and from every point of scientific interest these twins, and has delivered a lecture to the students of the University, class on these and other recorded cases of united twins, of whom they are in many respects the most remarkable on record. In this lecture, which he published in the British Medical Journal, he gives first their history and description. Chang and Eng, or as they now sign themselves Chang and Eng Bunker, are now 58 years of age. They were two of several children, the rest being naturally formed. When infants they were attached face to face, but instinctive efforts from the earliest age have so far elongated the band as to enable them to adopt an imperfect lateral relation to each other. They are short, but wiry-looking men, Eng, the taller of the two, being only five feet two and a half inches—Chang an inch shorter. They use the outer legs more than the inner, and these are the larger in circumference. There is no inversion of position of the heart and other organs as Professor Allen Thompson, of Glasgow, has shown to be the general law in relation to united twins. Neither of the two brothers are synchroous. Examined in Edinburgh by Dr. Atken, when they were suffering from influenza, the pulse of one was twenty-four beats to the minute quicker than the other. Examined this week in London by Sir Henry Thompson, and Mr. Earners Hearn, there was less difference—four pulsations in the minute. In their chemical as well as their organic functions, they are shown by Sir James Simpson to be two separate and distinct individuals. They can walk, swim and run; they are keen sportsmen and good shots; are intelligent, well-informed, and good men of business. They are naturally much accustomed to join in the same conversation, but can each easily carry on a conversation with two different individuals. They sometimes read separately, each to himself, or more often one to the other. Their minds, indeed, are more dual than their bodies; the latter are united together, but the former are not. The band of union is formed partly by the extension of the cartilages of the breast bone; it is four inches and a half long and eight inches and a half in circumference. When the twins have suffered from blood diseases, as small pox, measles and ague, they have been affected simultaneously. Nevertheless, from experiments which Sir James Simpson has made with drugs, he concludes that the vascular connection between the two brothers is comparatively very small. On the question of the surgical separation of

the Siamese Twins, "Chang and Eng," says Sir James Simpson, "have themselves no desire to be surgically separated from each other. But some of their families have become anxious that they should be separated, if it were possible to do so."

The operation is certainly possible, and would be attended with little or no difficulty; but it would be so perilous in its character that the twins could not, in my opinion, be justified in submitting to it, or any surgeon be justified in performing it."

He then enters into details to justify this opinion. Chang and Eng are married to two sisters, the daughters of an American clergyman. Each brother has nine children. The family of Eng consists of six sons and three daughters; the family of Chang consists of three sons and six daughters. Their first children were born within three or four days of each other; the others at irregular intervals. Chang, a fifth child, was born three months ago.

Sir W. Ferguson has carefully examined the twins, and we understand, concurs in the general opinion of surgeons that any surgical separation would be most likely attended with fatal consequences, not so much on account of any obstacle presented by the structure of the uniting band of flesh, as the moral effect of the disunion on the two brothers.

What Nerve Does.

An ounce of pluck is worth a regiment of beating men. A little nerve, coolness, pluck and decision carry men safely through difficulties insurmountable. In all probability no person possesses nerve of a greater degree than do bank robbers and persons of that class, who live not by their labor, but by their wits and operations which succeed from boldness.

Not long since a man stood in a Wall-street bank, with a bag in his hand containing \$10,000 in gold. A gentlemanly looking man, with his hat off, said to the one who held the gold: "Let me lift it; I'll guess within half an ounce of its weight."

The person addressed mechanically handed the bag to the applicant, who at once ran out of the door, and was soon lost in the crowd, while the looser never saw it again. On seeing him with his hat off, he thought him a clerk in the bank. A gentleman standing by saw the thief remove his hat and hang it on a hook, when the two supposed it to be some one connected with the bank, and said nothing.

Some years since a person entered the Importers and Traders' Bank, New York, in broad daylight, took off his coat, put on a duster, stuck a pin behind his ear, and then walked deliberately past clerks, and tellers, and cashier, and pushing the president aside, who stood talking with some of the directors, entered the vault, and helped himself to the biggest package of money he could find, and walked out unmolested, no one suspecting that anything was wrong till he was off and out of sight.

A few months ago, in New York, a horse drove up to the door of a mansion. A genteel young man rang the bell and inquired for the man that lived there, but he was down town. He said the horse contained a coffin, in which were the remains of the daughter of the occupant of the house, who had just died at school in Connecticut. The servants at the house had heard nothing of the matter, but helped the driver bring the coffin into a parlor, and at the suggestion of the young man, who said he was teacher, sent one of their number to the gentleman's place of business to inform him of the sad news. The teacher remained in the house to tell the particulars. When the man arrived the teacher had gone, and about \$3,000 worth of jewelry, kept in bureau cases, had gone with him. The coffin was opened, and found to be filled with a beech log.—*Lynchburg News.*

White and Red Men.

The endurance of the white man, when fairly tested against that of the Indian, will be found equal if not superior to it, as not a few small bands of Indians have discovered to their cost, when they have taken advantage of an unguarded moment to stampede the horses of Plainsmen or scouts. Years have passed since the December day when, just at the crack of dawn, a small band of Arapahoes, that were en route from the forks of the Platte towards the south, took every hoof of stock from a party of hunters, whose camp had been for two days some twenty miles west of the island where Foreyth and his scouts made their gallant fight last fall. The Indians did not fire a shot. They were after the stock, and not a fight; so through the camp they went howling like demons—each Indian armed with a buffalo robe, which he swung through the air, frightening the ponies into breaking larks and drawing knots and picket-pins. But the stock was not so cheap, after all. Two Indians left their remains as a wretched equivalent for nine good saddle animals. Give the devils their due: their stampede was a success, and a little party was about that did not take kindly to the situation. Before sun-up that same party was on the trail of the stolen stock, carrying just as little duff (food and clothing) as could be made into a small package for the back.

The story of that trail would be too long for a narrative. Day after day, the little band toiled on, the greater portion of the time through snow which had crust just sufficient to break through under foot. The suffering for food was intense, enough to make any living animal a coveted treasure. But two of the party are now alive. One by one the Indians got them.

During the cold spell, as the Western man is prone to designate winter, the dug-out is a favorite abode of the genuine Plainsman. With his long experience he knows no warmer location than a cave

dug into the bluff or bank near running water. It is a safe retreat too; and a great many Indians would hesitate before attempting to unearth a customer whom they prefer to let alone—the frontiersman in his wintering place on the Plains.—*Tanopos R. Davis, in Harper's Magazine.*

Trading on the Plains.

With their whiskey the Cheyennes proceeded to the Kiowa village, exhibited and dispensed amelia from unopened bottles, of corn juice—giving a judicious shake or two to the bottles, that the aroma should be more entirely appreciated by their friends, the Kiowas. The smells were freely taken, and produced an uncommon desire to know more of the Cheyennes, pipes were produced and duly smoked; water which the visitors announced their willingness to trade. They had not brought much whiskey as they did not know that their brothers, the Kiowas, would like to see it. The little which they had with them was good and very strong, when the Kiowas had tasted of it they would see.

The Cheyenne was liberal; he would give so much for a robe (holding up the bottle and making with the thumb something like half an inch of the whiskey): "But seeing that the Kiowas are not in haste to trade, the Cheyennes will smoke with them." Mean-while a kindly disposed bottle-holder was dispensing smells of the whiskey to a few of the Kiowas who were

laid in their announcements of the number of fine robes which they possessed. This second smoke was quickly finished, and the Cheyennes exhibited the quantum of fire-water, marked it as before by the location of the thumb on the bottle. A general exclamation followed—the position of the thumb was to the Kiowas' eye so very much higher on the bottle. But Cheyenne had no more consideration than a New York landlord, if the accommodation offered looked small for the price. The trouble was with the eyes of the Kiowas, which could not be expected to see big like those of a Cheyenne. Another smelling time took place, and produced an instantaneous exhibition of tin cups and robes on the part of the Kiowas. During the pouring out of the promised grog, the position of the thumb was regarded with two close a scrutiny on the part of the robe-sellers to permit of any showing up of the gauge, and it is only justice to the bottle-handlers to say that when they held up the bottle for exhibition, after each pour, no Indian could detect any variation of the line of the whiskey and the point indicated by the position of the gauging thumb.—*THEODORE R. DAVIS, in Harper's Magazine.*

Decay of Inferior Races.

The island of Tahiti, a hundred years ago, contained two hundred and ten thousand inhabitants; now it has but seven thousand—or one-thirtieth of its former population.

One of the New Zealand Islands twenty-five years ago, contained one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants; now it has but forty thousand—or one-fourth of its former population.

We thus find that while the natives of Tahiti have become almost extinct in a century, the poor New Zealanders will disappear entirely in even less time.

The same law of extinction of the inferior races prevails in Australia and everywhere else. That our own country presents no exception, is seen by all who have any knowledge of Virginia or of the other Southern States.—*Norfolk Journal.*

A QUARREL WITH A WIFE.—Wait until she is at her toilet preparatory to going out. She will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark that the lives of nine-tenths of the women are passed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, and wind up the remark that you never knew but one who had any common sense about her. Wife will ask you who that was. You, with a sigh, reply "Ah never mind." Wife will ask you why you did not marry her. You say abstractly, "Ah, why indeed?" The climax is reached by this time, and a regular row is sure to follow.

A story is told about Rev. Robert J. Breckenridge, who was temporary chairman of the Baltimore Convention last year, and the late Thomas F. Marshall of Kentucky. Both wishing to establish a reputation in early life, measured lances with Henry Clay, and, of course, got the worst of it. A few years afterward the two met—the latter being on one of his customary aprees. The lawyer exclaimed to the divine: "Ah! Bob, it was an unlucky day for us when we tilted against the Great Harry! It drove me to the bottle and you to the pulpit, Bob; but I've stuck a d— sight closer to my text than you have to yours."

A man is in jail at Peekskill for murdering his little daughter. He attempted to choke his wife with the poker, when the child interceded and he hurled the weapon at her. It stuck in her head, and she ran screaming into the street, where a passing man pulled it out. She died a few days afterward.

The Boston Public Library has outgrown its building. Fourteen years ago it contained 2,000 volumes—it now numbers over 150,000 and with the exception of the Congressional Library, is the largest one in the United States.

MUEHLBACH'S HISTORICAL NOVELS. The most readable books ever offered to the public. For sale at the Bookstore.

Humorists.

A Spurring Story.

Many years ago, in England, when travellers were wont to travel on horse-back, and sleep two in a bed at taverns, the following incident occurred at Cheltenham.

Two young bloods stopped at the Red Fox tavern, and while going to bed late at night (it being hot weather) they discovered the door of one of the bedrooms open. It happened, however, that a Scotchman and an Irishman had "kicked the river off," and one of the Irishman's legs lay naked and nearly out of bed. "I'll have some sport now," said one of the bloods to his mate, "if you'll hold the light a minute."

The candle was held, while the young chap went in, and taking up one of the Irishman's spurs, buckled it on Paddy's naked foot. He then gave Paddy's leg a pinch, and hid himself behind the door.

Paddy (though not awakened) drew his leg suddenly back, and in this way, sadly damaged the Scotchman's naked leg with the spur.

"The poet—no ye," exclaimed Donald, rubbing his leg, "as of ye diano gang out o' bed an' cut yer toe nails, I'll soon be gotten up and throw you out o' window, ye fool!"

The Irishman slept soundly, and soon put his leg back in its old position, while the young joker who put on the spur stole up the second time. In want the leg again, and the spur struck the Scotchman's leg, who now got into a terrible passion, and began to pommel Paddy, exclaiming as usual:

"Get out o' bed, and cut yer toe nails ye fool! do ye fair a Christian man to stain such a rough digging?"

This waked up the Irishman, who at that moment, bringing the spur to bear on his own leg, vaulted out of bed. Having procured a light, he looked down with the greatest astonishment at the spur. "By my soul!" said he, "what a stupid fool is the best of this fan sars, as he took off me boots when I was to bed, as has left on me one of the spurs. Strange it is I didn't notice it."

This explanation being satisfactory to Donald, harmony was restored, while the author of the mischief snaked out of the room to his own nest.

Nicely Cured.

At the masked ball in New Orleans, week before last, a gay and handsome man who had refused to take his wife to the ball on the plea of business, was much struck by a stranger, a lady in a mask. On her he exerted all his fascination.

"Oh, sir, you quite put me out with your flattery! I suspect you are a married man," said the lady.

"No indeed; but I confess a willingness to get married since I have had the pleasure of seeing you," was the gallant reply.

"Indeed! but you haven't seen my face yet!"

"No; but I know it is beautiful. The exquisite grace that accompanies everything you do and say, tells me as much."

"Indeed!"

"I think so; but you will no longer deny me that satisfaction; for I assure you lady, I am in love."

"Indeed!"

"It is true. Until I met you to-night, women have looked to me homely and commonplace."

"Oh, you are jesting!"

"Indeed, I am not."

"And you never loved any one before?"

"Never! Your sex appeared to me always despicable, and my heart refused them all sympathy, but for you I feel a passionate attraction; I have no power or inclination to resist."

"Can this be true?"

"It is indeed."

"I am mad with impatience, since it will be the only face my heart will ever mirror. It has upon it no rival impression."

"You are so persuasive I can no longer deny the privilege—look! And the mask was removed."

It was his wife.

"The devil!" said the discomfited Donald, indulging in a prolonged whistle.

"Oh, no my dear, only the fact that has no rival impression on your heart!"

"Stay, Mary, let's call it square and go home!"

"I think we'd better."

And they went.

A young American lady was riding in the Bois de Boulogne, with the daughter of one of our officials at Paris, when a gentleman drove past in a plain carriage, and recognising the seat of arms on the carriage, supposing she was one of the family bowed very graciously. The young lady, not recognising the person, stared at him, and in much confusion and indignation, turned to her companion and said:

"Did you see that impudent man who bowed to me?"

"Oh, yes, that was the Emperor."

"There's a difference in time, you know, between this country and Europe," said a gentleman on the wharf to a newly arrived Irishman. "For instance your friends at Cork are in bed and asleep by this time, while we are enjoying ourselves in this early evening."

"The way," exclaimed the Irishman, "got justus yih."

"Sir," said a little blistering man, to a religious opponent, "to

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1869.

Special Newspaper Advertising and General Collecting Agency for North Carolina.

WM. A. HEARNE & CO.,
Special Agent for the North Carolina Press, and General Agent for the collection of claims of every description throughout the State. Office Goldsboro, N. C.
Are authorized agents for the People's Press.

Extremes are dangerous. It is, therefore, merely the part of prudence and of true wisdom to collate and examine into the experience of other nations when great organic changes have been instituted. It has been well said that philosophy is history teaching by example. By giving due heed to the lessons that it teaches us, can the condition of society be preserved from the shocks and convulsions to which all governments seem to be subjected, at longer or shorter intervals of time. These revolutions may of course, in rare instances, be effected without bloodshed, may be peacefully accomplished in the people; but even then, great normal changes often involve the communities in which they take place in more or less of confusion, out of which it seems impossible for some of them to emerge into a system of law and order, protecting the citizen's rights in person and property. The morals of the whole people are to some extent broken down, and several generations may be compelled to witness turmoil and confusion, and to suffer injustice and oppression, and wrong, when there might and should have existed nothing but peace, quiet and stability. Reason, philosophy and religion are entirely set aside, and a resort to brute force for the assertion of a doctrine derides the land with blood and covers it with ruin.

Emerging out of a storm cloud as just described, which has passed over our country, the same perversion of fact, the same effort to excite the mind of the people to fever heat over some minor or purely imaginary existing or prospective evil, are again resorted to, and if perseveringly persisted in lead again to similar results. Under such circumstances it is a matter of the sheerest impossibility to expect that there could be any amount of quiet or contentment so necessary for national progress or happiness. Our country has made full experience of such a crisis, and has passed, and is yet passing, through an ordeal of this character. But our experiences are not at all equal on this line to those of our Southern neighbor, Mexico. In her case revolutions have become epidemic. A country having vast natural advantages, both of the vegetable and mineral kingdom, has nevertheless, from her unstable political condition, become a byword and a reproach to the nations of the earth. She has furnished a powerful argument for those who argue against the doctrine of popular representative government. She strove to better her condition as a party of New York aristocrats are attempting to amend ours. She invited poor Maximilian over, to take possession of the imperial crown tendered him. This he did, coming to grief, however, very speedily and losing his life. We think his imperial majesty of the United States, whoever he may be, possibly may share the same fate. With the warning and example of others before their eyes, therefore, let the people of the United States, let us, citizens of North Carolina, an important member of our national family, strive earnestly and patriotically against the encroachments of arbitrary power or of licentious liberty, misnamed freedom, upon our old, well-ordered and self-sustaining institutions. Let us always remember that, should we tamper to too great an extent with the glorious old type of liberty, planted by our forefathers, and which has so long sheltered us, pruning and cutting away its roots too closely and too much, a future storm may prostrate it; or it may pine and die a slow and lingering death, exposing us to the gashing rays of despotism in which may be flashing the polished steel of sabre and bayonet, wielded by a mercenary soldiery surrounding the throne of some usurping ruler who has trampled our liberties under foot.

E. A. Vogler offers a Thrashing Machine and a new Buck Eye Reaper for sale.

The Imperialist.

Who could possibly have believed, ten years since, that what now greets our eye should have become fact? Whither, may we well ask, are we drifting? We hold in our hand a paper published in the city of New York, which has boldly hoisted for its emblem the figure of an imperial crown, and for its motto, "The Empire is peace." "Let us have peace." Mark reader friend, the cunning, the casuistry here displayed. Who gave utterance to these now world famous sayings? Let us see—Napoleon, Emperor of France, seated on his imperial throne, a despot, propped up and hedged around by bayonets, ready at any moment to turn them against his restive subjects struggling for liberty, says, "The Empire is peace." It has been said that it is the death-like

apathy of fear, that constitutes such peace! Gen. Grant, recently in command of a powerful, devoted and victorious army, after the close of the war, was nominated for the Presidential chair, in regular course of time, and inscribed on his banner, during the electioneering campaign, "Let us have Peace." He was triumphantly elected Chief Magistrate of the Nation.

And now we would merely ask: What significance, if any, may attach to the motto of the Imperialist newspaper, to wit: "The Empire is Peace."—Napoleon. "Let us have Peace."—Grant.

All the older portion of our citizens must still entertain a lively recollection of that most excellent and worthy man, Mr. STAUB, known under the more familiar name of "the Count." With some few extra whims and eccentricities, the old gentleman, nevertheless, had some sound practical views, which, however, owing to their extreme novelty, did not take a very deep hold on the public mind.

We happened to pass by his orchard and vineyard which have now become a fruit bearing source of profit. Had he lived, such was the energy of his character, that he would have given an impetus and a development to fruit-growing amongst us, by his untiring experiments in the introduction of new varieties, and the pains and labors he bestowed upon their culture, that astounding results would have followed, if persisted in up to the present time.

But it was his perpetual motion mania that was brought to our recollection on witnessing the "Velocipedes" recently introduced, careering along the street.

Amidst some other rather fanciful projects, friend Staub had certainly struck upon this idea. The great difficulty in his case was that he commenced his operations on too large a scale. His machine, as it was facetiously termed, seemed to us to contain the identical ideas which have been developed in the velocipede, and perfected for actual practical use. The huge and ponderous structure which he had built according to his own design, with its ratchet wheels and all that, and which, traversing our ordinary dirt roads, was to bring up goods from Fayetteville, was entirely too large and cumbersome. His error consisted, we think, in commencing on too large a scale, otherwise, most probably, he would have pushed his effort to a successful termination.

Gun cotton, which had then come into use, was jointly with the machine, engaging his attention. Whilst projecting with this, or by the ignition of some powder, of which it was known he had a considerable quantity stored away in his room, a violent explosion took place, which terminated his life and all further experiments.

The Peace Jubilee.

There is to be a grand Musical Jubilee in Boston the third week in June. The building erected for the occasion is an immense coliseum capable of holding 30,000 persons. There will be "800 vocal organizations." The grand orchestra is composed of 1,000 musicians picked from the best bands and musical societies in the country.

Indeed, everything is done in round numbers. The very anvils for the "Anvil Chorus," are 100 strong, and 100 stout fellows are hired to hammer them, and the 100 anvil players are chosen, by a stroke of genius Julien might envy, from the Boston fire-laddies. And while the anvils ring, a thousand musicians chime in with full force of wind and string, a battery of artillery roars for the bass, a chime of great bells softens the crash of the guns, and the chorus of the 800 vocal organizations rise harmonious over all.

Our townsman, E. W. Lineback, Professor of Music in Salem Female Academy, will represent this place in this mammoth concert.

We learn from the Standard, that Victor C. Barringer, Esq., has been tendered the post of Attorney General of the State, vice W. M. Coleman, resigned.

The Circuit Court of the United States commenced its session in Raleigh on Monday last, Judge Brooks presiding. Judge Chase was expected, but had not arrived.

Judge Chase arrived on Tuesday evening, and now presides in the above Court.

The Supreme Court, says the Raleigh Sentinel, also convened same day in their Chamber. All of the Judges were present except Judge Beade, who we learn is detained at home by sickness in his family. This tribunal will probably be in session for the next six weeks, as there is a large amount of business to come before it.

RAIN AND HAIL STORMS.—Last week, we learn, portions of Stokes and Forsyth Counties, were visited with severe hail storms and heavy rains, doing considerable damage to the growing crops.

We have had a rainy season for several weeks throughout this whole section of country. During the present week, however, the weather has been more favorable, but unusually cool for the season. On yesterday, it was warm again, with rain.

On Monday, May 31st, the residence of A. L. Shields, Esq., was struck by lightning in two places, at the same time, tearing off a great portion of the weather boarding and ceiling, but fortunately injuring no member of the family, who were all in the house at the time.

From a letter in the "Moravian," we learn that the delegates to the General Synod in Germany, had a very short and pleasant voyage. There was a funeral at sea during the voyage, at which Bishop Babson officiated.

VELOCIPEDES.—The appearance of several of these "machines" in this place, during the past week, caused considerable excitement among the young folks, which has now subsided, and the usual quiet has been restored.

The exercises of Salem Female Academy will be resumed in August.

STATE NEWS.

Mr. Wiley, United States Internal Revenue Collector in the Sixth District, reports that he has had two men killed and one seriously injured while employed in collecting the revenue. He has applied to W. P. Perry, Supervisor for North and South Carolina, for troops to assist him in enforcing the law. Mr. Perry has referred the matter to Commissioner Deiano for instructions. —Rat. Standard.

BANKRUPTS DISCHARGED.—We clip from the Standard the following discharges in this district:

Guilford County.—J. D. Gilchrist, Robert L. Coble, James M. Garrett, Eli Glass, Roekingham County.—John M. Waddill, Wm. M. Harrison, Bedford A. Crafton, Nicholas Dalton.

Casswell County.—John E. Wooding, Jno Calbroth, Iverson L. Oliver, Monroe Oliver.

Davidson County.—Jere Adderson, Columbus W. Moss, Adolphus A. Moss.

Stokes County.—Thos. Smith, Jesse M. Mitchell.

Person County.—James R. Woody, Monroe Garbrough, James Holloway, Jas. Wright, Romulus Daniel, Hardy Hurdle, Bedford Hurdle.

Alamance County.—James W. Lea, Benj. F. Ronoy.

DROWNED.—We learn from the Wilmington Star that a boat containing five men was upset in Masonboro Inlet, below Wilmington, on Tuesday morning last, and one of the men, John A. Farrar, was drowned. Two of the others saved themselves by swimming to the shore, and the other two by climbing up on the capsized boat.

EARLY.—"Roasting Ears" have made their appearance—grain full developed—in Wilmington. So says the Star.

The City Bank of Charlotte, under the direction of H. B. Peters as President, and Col. W. A. Williams as Cashier, has been closed. We regret to learn that some of our citizens have lost considerably. —Carolina Times.

The extensive tobacco manufactory of Messrs Fuller & Wilkerson, of Lenoirburg, Caswell county, has been seized and closed by W. P. Perry, Supervisor of Internal Revenue, for alleged violation of the Revenue laws. —Standard.

DEATH OF FRANK JOHNSON.—"Old Frank Johnson," as he was formerly known, the greatest fiddler of the present age, and two past generations, is at last reported as dead. The rumors regarding the place of his death are conflicting, both Halifax and High Point being named. He was in his 81st year.

GENERAL NEWS.

The recent massacre by the Indians in Kansas was a horrible affair. Our dispatches relate that after the massacre, "the tongues and heart were out of the dead bodies; the calves of their legs were split down and tied under their shoes; pieces of flesh were cut from their backs; pieces of telegraph wire stuck into them, and the ears cut off, and heads scalped." Further that the flocks "boiled the hearts of their victims for medicine."

The Stockbridge Indians in Wisconsin are rapidly disappearing. The tribe once numbered 10,000 warriors. They emigrated from Massachusetts to New York in 1789, to Ohio in 1803, and to Wisconsin in 1821, a large number of them having resided in Massachusetts until a few years ago. The remnant of the tribe, which now numbers about 300 men, women and children, reside at Shawano, and are suffering for food.

The old fractional currency and government note plates were melted at the navy yard on the 6th in the presence of a committee appointed to superintend the destruction. These plates had printed over eight billion dollars.

Dr. James Rush of Philadelphia, leaves \$1,000,000, the bulk to be expended in the erection of the Ridgway branch of the Philadelphia Library, designed to be a monument to his father-in-law, Jacob Ridgway, and his wife, Phoebe Ann Rush, from whom he derived most of his fortune.

A Fort Smith special to the Chicago Tribune states that a party of 250 Cheyennes attacked an unprotected settlement 160 miles from Topeka, on Sunday morning. They came in on Saturday evening, under the pretence of friendship, and massacred thirteen men, women and children. The women were ravished and their bodies brutally mutilated.

The women of Massachusetts are 50,000 stronger than the men. If they could vote they could elect a majority of women to the Legislature, and the future destinies of the old Bay State would pass into their hands.

The recent massacre in Kansas is attributed to the shooting of a squaw. Eleven citizens are known to have perished in retaliation.

CUBA.

Shipments of Arms and Munitions of War to Cuba.

The New York Tribune of yesterday says:

We have special and creditable advices that, by means of seven or eight expeditions which have within a few months left New York and Philadelphia, the Cubans have received large and somewhat surprising quantities of arms and munitions of war. The Cuban authorities here and in Washington have, as we are informed, been incessantly active, and the result of their efforts is seen in the animated hopes and renewed spirits of the recent help given to their cause, or promised them at no late day. The campaign of Gen. Quesada is believed to have assumed a new aspect, in proof of which are the series of successes lately achieved for Cuba at Las Tunas, Altamira, Sabana Nueva, the Bay of Nipe, and near Puerto Padre, all of which are claimed by Quesada's forces.

The following is an authentic list of the expeditions alluded to and their cargoes of military supplies: By the Salvador, from Key West, 1,500 arms and three field pieces. From Nassau by the same, 2,500 guns and 5 cannon. By the Petrit, 3,600 guns and 8 cannon. By the Grape-shot, 4,000 guns and two cannon. These vessels originally left New York. Those sent from Philadelphia in the first expedition therefrom were three schooners with 3,500 arms and four steel guns. This cargo was delivered near Trinidad on the 19th of April, and has, already, if report be credited, told with effect on the situation in that greatly disaffected quarter. The second expedition had its landing at the same place with 3,500 guns in a small steamer. The third expedition has just gone with 2,500 arms. By these various expeditions the Cubans have received 21,100 small arms and 22 cannon or field pieces. These supplies, received within a period comparatively brief, constitute the most decided and extensive aid the Cubans have ever obtained.

From Washington.

The radicals carried the municipal election. Their opponents made little contest, and the polls were abandoned to the negroes. A very serious riot occurred in the second ward. The negroes chased a conservative black man to his house, and assailed the house. The inmates escaped to the rear. The conservative found refuge in the upper story. The police surrounded the house, brought the conservative down, enclosed him in a hollow square, took him to the polls, when he voted. The negroes now became furious, threw a volley of stones and fired occasional pistol shots. The chief of police was hurt in the arm and ordered the force to fire over the mob. This increased the mob's violence, when the police were compelled to fire a volley directly into them killing one and wounding three, when the mob fled.

Earlier in the day a policeman was cut with a razor and severely beaten in the Sixth Ward. A free fight with several harmless pistol shots, occurred in Seventh Ward. In the Second Ward Julius Wallace, colored, was knocked from a buggy and beaten for having scratched his ticket. The police rescued Wallace, but were badly battered. Timothy Rogers was also badly beaten for voting the citizen's ticket. Rioting was confined entirely to the negroes.

England.

LONDON, June 5.—The moderate speech of Lord Clarendon in the House of Lords last night upon the Alabama claims treaty elicited the following comments from the press:

The Times, referring to the claims of Americans, says: "Considering the ready concessions of England, we wonder the latter get off so well. The rejection of the treaty was more a lucky chance than the result of the firmness of anybody engaged in behalf of Great Britain."

The Standard says: "Negotiations for the Alabama treaty failed because America never intended them to succeed. If England now says it is her duty to renew her efforts for a peaceful settlement it is without hope. Our honest desire for such a settlement will not be appreciated but by a small section of the American people. In the meantime, until the details of Motley's mission are known, we should fold our hands and limit our compliments to him as a great historian."

The Star says Americans can no longer doubt our willingness to do them right, or determination to preserve our national character and credit.

JAPANESE SETTLERS.—The Japanese have sent their first installment of settlers to this country. The ice once broken the plunge will soon follow. The internal condition of Japan is not very favorable to the welfare and happiness of the masses, and if they can get away to a land where they will be permitted to live in peace, acquire money by their industry, and enjoy civil and religious freedom, they will come here by the thousand. We may as well begin to prepare for the reception of these people. Not only will we have Chinese and Japanese, but men from Arabia, and all those countries and places where the laws, habits and customs are unfavorable to the development of individual enterprise and human progress. Ten years hence, should our great means of intercommunication with the remotest foreign land be perfected and multiplied (as they will undoubtedly be) thousands of the representatives of all the Asiatic races will be grouped for protection under the folds of the banner of this country.

DEATH OF DR. RUSH.—An honored and much respected citizen of Philadelphia, a son of one of the oldest and most renowned Philadelphia families, a man of talent, culture, and great professional ability and a son of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, departed this life on Wednesday morning last, in the 84th year of his age.

Another of Wellington's comrades is gone, namely the old Austrian General Baron de Nobitzner, who recently died at the age of 83.

Five Cents Worth of Orange-Peel.

A man from the country invested five cents in Hartford Conn., in the purchase of an orange, and preparatory to getting himself outside of it, threw the peel on the sidewalk. Soon after, a young woman came a long slipped upon the peel, and fell breaking her leg. The woman was to have been married the next day, but wasn't. The man who was to marry her, was obliged to return on account of business, to await the recovery of the girl. On his way back he unfortunately took a train on the Erie Railroad, which ran off the track, and his shoulder-blade was broken, forcing him to stop at Dunkirk for repairs. On getting back to St. Paul he found that his three absence had upset a business arrangement which he had expected to complete at a pecuniary loss to him of \$5,000. Meanwhile the injured girl suffered a relapse, which so enfeebled her health that her marriage was delayed, which had a bad effect on the young man, and he finally broke the engagement and married a widow in Minnesota with four small children. So she worked upon the mind of the girl that she is now in the insane hospital at Middletown, Connecticut. Her father, outraged by the conduct of the young man, brought suit for breach of promise, and has just received ten thousand dollars. The anxiety and expense of the whole affair thus far have been enormous as anybody can see. Similar cases are likely to occur, so long as people will persist in throwing orange-peels around loose.

A Man nine Days without Food in the Hold of a Ship.

A negro named Wilson, 25 years of age, arrived in New York on the 25th ult., as we learn from the Daily Times, in the Rising Star, from Aspinwall, who had existed during the entire passage without eating. He was employed at Aspinwall in receiving the cargo, and after supper on the 17th ult., fell asleep in a secluded part of the lower hold. At 1 o'clock on the morning of the 13th the vessel sailed. The man on awaking, perceived that he was at sea, and the hatchways being closed he was unable to make himself heard from the depths where he was situated. The cargo in his proximity consisted of wool, india rubber, mother-of-pearl shells, and hides, and offered no means of sustenance. The hold was by no means crowded with goods, and he enjoyed locomotion, but weakness and the confined air finally overcame him, and he slept profoundly until the hatchways were reopened on Wednesday morning after arrival. The fresh air revived him, and, as the stovedores descended, he was discovered, but was unable to stand. He had been nearly nine days without eating. Tea was administered, but he could not retain it. Sherry wine was tried with better success, and he gradually became able to subsist on food. He was taken to the Colored Home at the foot of East Sixty-fifth street, and will be returned to Aspinwall after recovery by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, in whose charge he remains.

Two Boys Torn to Pieces by a Panther.

A man living in Taney co., Mo., recently sent his boy to mill, a distance of ten or twelve miles, and the boy not returning as soon as usual, a neighbor sent his boy to see what had become of the lad, and the second boy not returning in due season, a party consisting of the parents of the boys and three or four other men, all armed, started to search for the youths. After travelling some four miles, a light sufficient to chill the blood of the bravest, was presented to their view. Light by the side of the road was a large panther deliberately tearing the flesh from the remains of one of the boys—the last sent out. The grief and horror-stricken parent raised his gun to his shoulder, and taking good aim, fired and killed the ferocious beast. After searching a mile or so more, the mutilated remains of the other boy were also found. —Louisville Journal.

DEATH OF THE HEAVIEST WOMAN.

We learn from the Manayunk Penna., Chronicle and Advertiser that Mrs. Eliza Osborn, aged 40 years, wife of Mr. William F. Osborn, died on the afternoon of the 25th ult., at her residence, sixth-milestone, Ridge avenue, of suffocation from excessive corpulence. Her weight two years ago was 430 pounds, and it is estimated that it reached at the time of her death six hundred pounds. No chair would bear her weight, and a kind of platform had to be constructed for her accommodation, and the house itself a frame one, yielded to her great weight. She could move about very little for the last two years, and when she died, which was suddenly, she fell to the floor, and it required the united strength of six stout men to lift her. Her body was subsequently taken down to the ground floor, and required a force of men from eight to ten men. Her coffin was six feet four inches long, three feet wide over the breast, and two feet one inch in depth. There was no chance in the city large enough to admit the body, and a wagon had to be used. It took twelve men to carry it, but it was lowered without accident. Notwithstanding her bulk, Mrs. Osborn was well proportioned, and good-looking. She was perhaps the heaviest woman who ever existed in the United States.

Raleigh National Bank of N. C.

MONEY MARKET.

Bank of Cape Fear	34
Charlotte	40
Chatham	40
Commerce	40
Fayetteville	40
Lexington	40
Lincolnton	40
Payable at Graham	25
North Carolina	40
Rockford	40
Thomasville	40
Wadesboro	40
Washington	40
Yanceyville	40
Wilmington	40
Commercial Bank Wilmington	34
Farmer's Bank of North Carolina (old)	34
Commerce	40
Greenboro Mutual Insurance Co.	40
Merchant's Bank, Newbern	40
Mine's & Planter's Bank	40

Important Laws.

AN ACT to require the registration of deeds.

Whereas, Creditors and purchasers are often hindered and defrauded of their lawful actions, debts, and purchases, by reason of the failure of the grantee or bargainee of lands to register their deeds of conveyance, power of attorney, &c.; therefore:

SECTION 1. The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact, That all grants of land in the State, all deeds of conveyance, all powers of attorney, and every other instrument in writing which is required or allowed to be registered within a given time, and have not been proved or registered on or before the first day of October, eighteen hundred and sixty nine, under the same rules, regulations, and restrictions as heretofore appointed by law; and, when so proved and registered shall be as good and valid as if they had been duly proved and registered; Provided, That nothing herein contained shall be construed to extend to mortgages and conveyances in trust and to marriage settlements.

SEC. 2. That after the first day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, no deed of conveyance, deed of trust, or mortgage for real or personal estate shall be valid at law to pass any property as against creditors or purchasers for a valuable consideration from the donor, bargainor, or mortgagor, but from the registration of such deed of conveyance, deed of trust or mortgage, in the county where the land lieth; or in case of personal estate where the donor, bargainor, or mortgagor resides; or in case the donor bargainor or mortgagor, shall reside out of the State then in the county where the said personal estate or some part of the same is situated, or in case of choses in action where the donee, bargainee, or mortgagee resides.

SEC. 3. That within thirty days after the ratification of this act it shall be the duty of the Secretary of State to send by mail ten printed copies of the same to the Chairman of the County Commissioners of each county in the State; and the said chairman shall within ten days after he receives the same, cause them to be posted at the Court House door, and nine other public places in his county.

SEC. 4. This act shall be in force from and after its ratification.

Ratified the 12th day of April A. D. 1869.

[We publish the law just as it was certified and issued by the Secretary of State, but there is certainly an omission in the first section which renders the reading unintelligible.]

AN ACT to add another section to Chapter VII, Code of Civil Procedure.

SECTION 1. The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact, That the following section to be marked section 460a, be added to chapter VII, Title XIX, of the Code of Civil Procedure, to wit:

SEC. 460a. If any person, entitled to letters of administration, fails or refuses to apply for such letters within thirty days after the death of the intestate, the Judge of Probate, on application of any party interested, shall issue a citation to such person to show cause, within twenty days after service of the citation, why he should not be deemed to have renounced. If, within the time named in the citation, he neglects to answer, or to show cause, he shall be deemed to have renounced his right to administer, and the Judge of Probate must enter an order accordingly, and proceed to grant letters to some other person.

SEC. 2. That this act be in force from its ratification.

Ratified the 12th day of April A. D. 1869.

Underpaid Labor.

Underpaid labor always revenges itself upon the employer in negligence and waste. The man cares little for the interest of the master, who cheapens the sweat of his brow to the lowest possible farthing, and the work he does is never performed with cheerfulness or alacrity. Getting the greatest amount for the least outlay, never yet paid in the long run. You may feed your horse on thistles, and drive him at the top of his speed for a time—but for a time only. With enough of remuneration to make him defy the wolf at the door—to keep him in clothing and a chance to lay up a little "against a rainy day,"—you will find him cheerfully laboring heartily, taking an interest in what he does, and striving to gain a still higher recompense by making himself more useful. And there is still another strong point in the case. Poor pay is a great temptation to theft. You have plenty and to spare, the one you employ plenty of nothing but poverty. It is hard for him to reason that such a state of affairs is right; that you should ride in a coach, while he cannot spare a stepener to purchase a car after hours of hard work. These contrasts are ever before him. He sees them by day, dreams of them by night, and when the week or month is ended, the little pittance he receives is instantly swallowed up in keeping body and soul together—in making and repairing strength to do your work.

Is it strange then that so many should fail to keep in the straight forward path? We opine not, and the money that is hoarded on the part of the employers—the money something of a co-operative system is inaugurated, the secret more and better work will be done and honesty be the rule—not the exception.

St. Louis, June 5.—Col. Wells has returned to Fort Hayes. The pursuing Indians who committed the massacre at Fort Chase did not overtake him. Another scouting party was sent out by Gen. Canby the other morning. About one hundred Indians were seen last evening within a mile of Sheridan, with a red flag hoisted.

The quarrel between Governor Reid of Florida and the State Legislature has resulted thus far in the suspension of the State Treasurer, to prevent him from paying the interest accruing on a large amount of bonds issued by disavowal of the Legislature for the purpose of carrying on the State business.

THE WAITER GIRL.

EFFECT OF THE INSTITUTION IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Some weeks ago, writes a San Francisco correspondent, a shrewd Yankee arrived here from the East, and after looking around for a time, and finding that two-thirds of the people in San Francisco boarded in restaurants, concluded to go into that business. He had observed that all the restaurant-keepers employed fat, lazy and dirty men of all nations, for waiters, and he conceived the idea that if he employed girls—neat, tidy, quick-witted and good-looking girls—for waiters, he would secure a large custom immediately. He accordingly ransacked the employment offices for recruits, and finally secured twelve pretty girls; two of these he placed behind the counters for money-takers, and the remainder were instructed to "pass round the hash." The novelty of the thing made it take immediately. The restaurant was crowded from morning till night. No one thought of eating less than twenty-five cents worth (you must know that a person can get a fine meal for fifteen or twenty cents) and when they devoured thirty-five cents worth, they would toss the money-takers a fifty-cent piece, and walk away with a nonchalant air. The proprietor was in ecstasies and walked about rubbing his hands with anecdotous delight.

Many of the customers would call for ice-cream, and ask the fair waitresses to join them—they were consequently chock full of nice things all the time. Matters progressed finely for several weeks, when the proprietor began to find that his waiters were not so attentive as they ought to be; they would serve some good looking young fellow with what he would order, and then sit down and chat with him while other customers were waiting to be served. He reprimanded the girls several times, but without any effect, so he determined to secure another lot and discharge the whole mob.

He began his search for substitutes, saying nothing of his design. One day, however, he was staggered; for after the duties of the day were concluded, and the cash counted, he was asked to attend church with the girls, as one of them was going to get married. Of course he would go, and he would give away the bride. If they had given him notice in time, he would have given them a nice wedding supper.

An hour's time sufficed for the girls to dress, and then they all proceeded to the church, where every one of them was married. During their brief career of four weeks in the restaurant they had been wooed and won by young fellows who were anxious to find companions for life, but who, owing to the peculiar mode of living in San Francisco, had no opportunity of forming female acquaintances. The next morning he was without help. His establishment is better than a matrimonial agency.

A Sad History.

A HEREDITARY KLEPTOMANIAC.

The history of Miss Augusta Colburn, the supposed kleptomaniac now in jail at Concord N. H., and charged with stealing an immense amount of clothing, bedding, and factory articles, and jewelry from many prominent citizens in the above city, where she is employed as a sewing woman, is a very sad, but romantic one. She was born in Wentworth N. H., and is now a little over thirty years of age. Her home is one of the most respectable in the county where she lived, and her parents and connections are esteemed for their many good qualities.

Miss Colburn had the misfortune to have been born while her mother was in a state of insanity, and the mental infirmities of the mother were transmitted to the child. The most unusual result of such a circumstance was an ineradicable antipathy between the mother and daughter. Subsequently the frequently recurring attacks of insanity on the former led to the placing of the child with her grandmother, where she was tenderly cared for and happily brought up. She developed into a pleasant and sweet-tempered child, and was beloved by all that knew her.

When about thirteen years of age she became engaged to a most estimable young man, with whom she had been acquainted from childhood. He was rich only in good habits and enterprise, and ambitions to do well, he left the granite hills of his native State, and in the far West he sought to make a home for his affianced bride. Fortune favored him, and in a few years he was nearly ready to return to New Hampshire to claim her who had so long been the center of his affections and his hopes.

The preparations for the marriage and the departure of the two for the west were nearly completed, when Miss Colburn received the sad and entirely unexpected intelligence of the sudden sickness and death of her lover. This terrible blow cast a blight over her prospects for life, and gloom and melancholy settled upon her. The infirmity which she inherited from her mother showed itself at various times, and sad results were feared.

Suddenly Miss Colburn disappeared, and it was soon found that she had gone to work in one of the factories at Nashua, where she hoped to forget her trouble. Soon her health commenced to fail, and she went to Concord as a seamstress, where she was trusted and esteemed by many. About the time of the breaking out of the late war, Miss Colburn was again engaged to be married, the gentleman knowing all the circumstances of her previous life.

With her blessing he enlisted in the Second New Hampshire volunteers, and never returned. His captain said he was one of the bravest of his command, and that he was last seen doing his whole duty in the thickest of the first Bull Run fight. It is seldom that a young woman of Miss Colburn's age is called upon to experience so many trials and disappointments, and it is not strange that at Concord, where she is best known, she has the sympathy of all who are acquainted with her or who know the facts of her checkered life.

With the exception of the one charge now laid to her, her life is supposed to be a blameless one. An interest in her sad

case has been awakened among those who are now preparing to do for her all in their power with the hope that the cloud may yet be removed from her mind, and that the world may yet have some happiness in store for her.

HUMANE AND JUST.

The Rev. Mr. Frothingham's "Discourse" Discourse in New York.

The Rev. Mr. Frothingham delivered a discourse in New York on the day of the decoration of the graves of the Union dead, which concluded as follows: I mean all who died in the war were equally victims. The Southerner and the Northerner—those who fell with us and those who fell against us all were victims on the same order. I would wish that we do all this as one nation. Let us strew these flowers not on northern graves alone, but on southern graves also. They were equally brave, they were all equally faithful to their ideal; their valor was common, their feeling was common, their endeavor was common, and the same devotion to their cause was common to each; and each side was devoted to its ideal—one side no less entirely than the other. Northerner and Southerner each cherished his purposes, each had hope, each was full of confidence in the ability of his God; each opened his Bible; each made his prayers; they were common victims, laid on a common altar, in a common cause. Oh, we ought by this time to be able to do justice to the purposes as well as to the spirit of our foes. They bore more than we did; they sacrificed more than we did. Their homes were burned over their heads by fiery shells, ours were left untouched. They are obliged to bow their heads as conquered, we are privileged to raise ours as conquerors. I could drop a tear on one of their graves as quickly as on one of our own; and I am willing to affirm that the guilt was not theirs alone. We were all sinners together. * * * These men filled their place, not shrinking, not averting. They only knew that they were under orders, and in their place. Whoever they were, let us remember that they did their duty; they were good soldiers. It was a great word; sweet, lovely it is to die for one's country. A greater word is this; sweeter, lovelier, it is to live that one's country shall be sweet and lovely.

The Arlington Outrage—The Confederate Dead.

The Washington correspondents of many of the Northern papers give accounts of the infamous conduct of the guard placed over that part of the National Cemetery at Arlington, where the remains of a few Confederate soldiers were buried. The correspondent of the Herald says: "The action of a lieutenant and small guard of marines at Arlington on Saturday in preventing people from throwing flowers over the graves of the Confederate dead, is the subject of much talk here today, and the general sentiment is condemnatory. It turns out that the officers of the Grand Army of the Republic were not altogether responsible for what occurred. They merely arranged to have the marines there so as to prevent people from making mistakes, but mistakes were made on the wrong side. The marines misunderstood what they were placed there for, and thought it was part of their duty to insult people who happened to throw flowers on the graves of the Confederate dead. The lieutenant in command, whose name is given as Shirley, but of which I am not certain, was particularly offensive in his manner. Seeing a lady throw a small bouquet on one of these graves, this lieutenant rushed to the spot, picked up the flowers, and throwing them on the ground at his feet, commenced stamping on them in such a manner as to attract about him a crowd of wondering spectators in a very few minutes. Some of the lookers on, learning the cause of the lieutenant's rage, commenced to murmur disapprobation, when the lieutenant shouted out, 'D—n you, get away from here, every one of you, or I'll make you. Guards, come up here and disperse the crowd.' The lieutenant accompanied these words with angry gestures, and swinging his arms about as if he intended to pitch into the crowd generally. His guards answered his call, but the crowd dispersed without waiting to be bayoneted."

CHASE.

Decorating Soldier's Graves—A Letter from the Chief Justice of the United States.

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 29, 1869.

DEAR SIR:—Your note inviting me to attend the ceremony of decorating at Magnolia Cemetery the graves of the brave men who fell in defence of the Union during the recent civil war, only reached me this morning.

I am very sorry that I cannot be with you on this most interesting occasion; but it is now too late to make the necessary arrangements.

The nation cannot too tenderly cherish the memory of her dead heroes, or too watchfully guard the well-being of those who survive. And may we not indulge the hope that ere long we who adhered to the national cause will be prompt also to join in commemorating the heroism of our countrymen who fell on the other side, and that those who now specially mourn their loss, consenting to the arbitration of arms, and resuming all their old love for their country and our country one and indivisible, will join with us in like commemoration of the fallen brave of the army of the Union?

The dead are not dead. They have only gone before, and now see eye to eye. Why may not we all borrow from their sacred graves oblivion of past offences, and henceforth unite in a noble and generous endeavor to assure the honor and welfare of our whole country, of all her States, and of all citizens?

Very respectfully yours,
S. P. CHASE.

SCRAP BOOKS.

Large and small size, a convenient repository for useful scraps, which might otherwise be lost.

For sale at BLUM'S.

THE MARKETS.

Corrected Weekly by E. A. Vogler Wholesale and Retail Merchant.

SALEM, N. C., June 4, 1869.

Bacon, 18 to 20 cts.

Beef, 7 for fore and 8 for hindquarter.

Butter, 25 cents per lb.

Coffee, 25 @ 30 cts, according to quality.

Cotton Yarn, \$2 15 retail, 2 00 wholesale.

Cotton Sheetings, 15 cts, by the bale, bolt 10, 17 cts, single yard.

Candles, tallow, 25 cents per pound.

Chickens, 00 to 20 cents.

Eggs, 10 to 00 cents per dozen.

Flaxseed, \$0 00 to 1 75 for 56 pounds.

CORN, 85

FLOUR, 35 to 54 per 100 pounds.

Dried Fruit.

Peas, 50 cents per lb.

Hay, 50 cents per hundred lbs.

Iron, Bar, 7. Castings, 9 a 10 per lb.

Lard, 20 cents.

Leather, Sole, 35 to 40 cents.

Molasses, Cuba, 85 cts. per gal.

Sorghum, 50 cts.

Nails, 8 cents per lb; 7 by the keg.

Peas, per bushel 80

Potatoes, Irish, \$1 00 per bushel.

Rags, 34 cents.

Rye, 90 cents per bushel.

Sugar, Brown, 16 1/2 to 20 cents. White 20 to 23 cents.

Crumbed, 25, pulverized, 25.

Salt, Good Liverpool, \$3 25 per sack.

WHEAT, for 60 lbs., \$1 75 to \$2 00.

Cheese, 25 cents per pound.

Oats, 50 a 60 cts per bushel. Sheep 25 c. per doz.

Powder, 15 cents by the quart; 50 cents by the pound.

Rice, 15 cents per lb.

Wool, 6 @ 7 cents.

Hudson, 6 @ 7 cents.

Home-made Vinegar, 25 @ 30 cts. per gallon.

Malt Vinegar 60 cts.

N. W. N. C. R. R. CO.

SECRETARY & TREASURER'S OFFICE.

Salem, N. C., May 26, 1869.

THE sixth installment of ten cents, upon the capital stock of the above Railroad Company, will be due and payable the first day of July next.

R. L. PATTERSON, Sec. & Treas.

33-44.

Real Estate Agency!

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30-3m.

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Horse Tamer.

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Salem, N. C., June 4, 1869.

A NEW BUCK EYE

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For sale cheap

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9. Fun and Frolic in all sorts of forms.

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Salem, N. C. Feb. 1, 1869.

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DIRECTIONS.

Place "Planchette" on a sheet of white paper. Two persons lay the tips of their fingers upon it, not in any way influencing its motion; then one of them or a third person, asks a question, and Planchette moves over the paper, and writes the reply.

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Feb. 13, 1868. -25-

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Feb. 20, 1868 -26-

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